

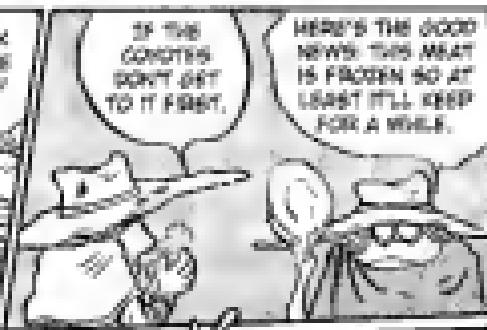
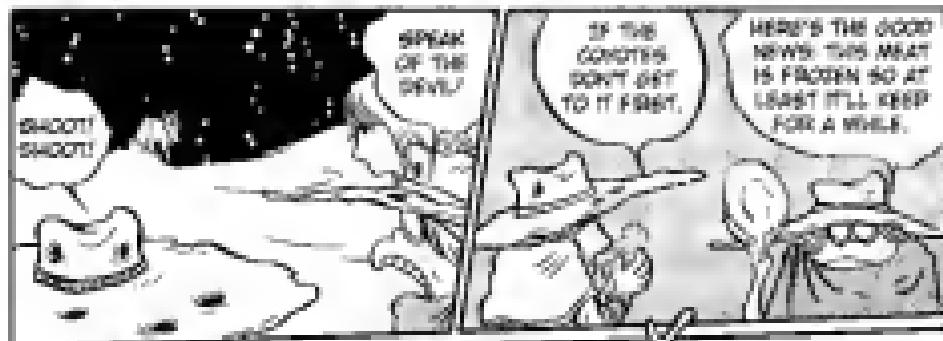
GOLD FRONTIER

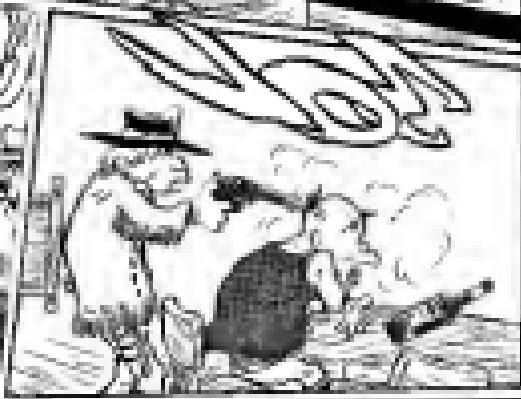
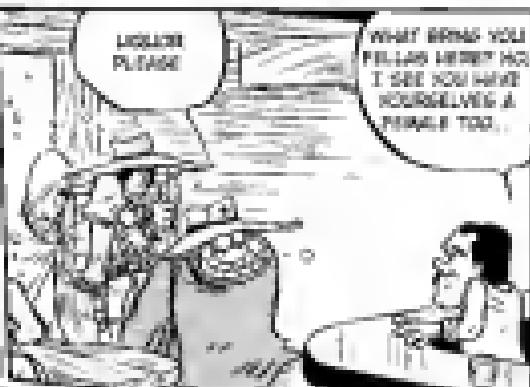
The Snows of Masotown



NOW, IT'S SNOWING!
LOOK! LOOK!
LOOK AT THE SNOW!

THE HORSES
DIED AGAIN.

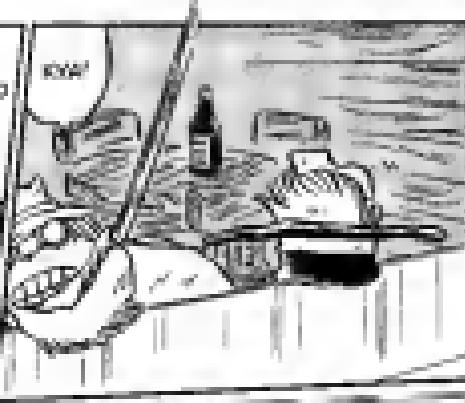




DON'T WORRY
ABOUT IT. YOU'RE
A STRANGER.
OUR PEOPLE ARE
ALWAYS IN THE
WRONG ANYWAY.

WHERE'S THE
SHERIFF? I NEED TO
TELL HIM IT WAS IN
SELF-DEFENSE.

EYAH!



THAT'S
RIGHT.

IS THAT
YOUR WOMAN?



GO AHEAD,
GO AHEAD.
WE'RE ALWAYS
IN THE WRONG
HERE.

LET ME
BORROW
HER FOR
A MINUTE.



MY APOLOGIES.
WE'RE ALL WRONG HERE.
MY HUSBAND CERTAINLY
CALLED YOU TO BE
UPSET WITH HIM.
I'M SO VERY SORRY.

I DON'T LIKE
THE SIGHT
OF YOU.
DIE!







WHAT THE HELL ARE THESE?



A BOATLOAD
OF THEM!

NOTHING
SPECIAL.
JUST WHISKEY
BOTTLES.



I DO KNOW
WHERE THEY
ARE, YUP.

DID YOU COME
TO ASK ABOUT
THE OTHERS?

AHA, GOT IT.
YUP, I'M ONE
OF YOUR
PEOPLE.

IT'S AN
HALL A DAY.

I NEED TO SHUT UP
MY COURAGE BEFORE
I TELL YOU, THOUGH.

I'LL TELL YOU IN LONG
IN YOU'RE NOT SECRET
AGENTS, SPACEMAN FILLINS,
SPED FROM THE PARADISE
DETECTIVE AGENCY, WESTERN
PROSTITUTION AGENCIES
MEMBERS OR SPONSORS
FROM THE TURKISH EARTH
LEAGUE.

WHAT ARE
YOUR NAMES?

PLEASE TALK
ABOUT IT.

NO KIDDING.

IT'S A BIG
STEP, GUY.

WHY HAD SHE
PREFERRED TO BUY
SOME UNDERWEAR
FOR SOMETHING

HMM?
WHERE DID
SHE/HE/CHE
RUN OFF
TO?

POOKED

POOKED

SO HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?
I BET YOU'RE ENJOYING IT,
TELL ME HOW YOU'RE FEELING
SO ANGRY AND TELL ME

MATH!
AREN'T THESE
SWIMMERS?!





APOLOGIZING
WON'T CUT
IT.



WE WERE
WRONG.
WE'RE SO
SORRY.

WHAT DO YOU
MEAN THIS WOMAN
ISN'T FROM THIS
TOWNSHIP?



YOU DONT
HAVE TO KILL
THEM. IT'S
NOTHING
TO ME.

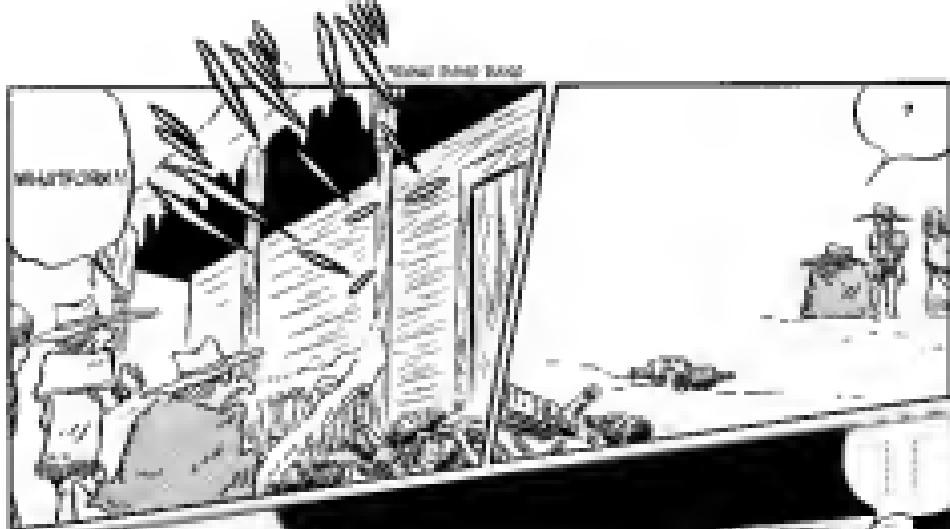
THEY NEEDED TO
LEARN APOLOGIZING
FOR ANYTHING AND
EVERYTHING JUST
DON'T CUT IT
SOMETIMES.



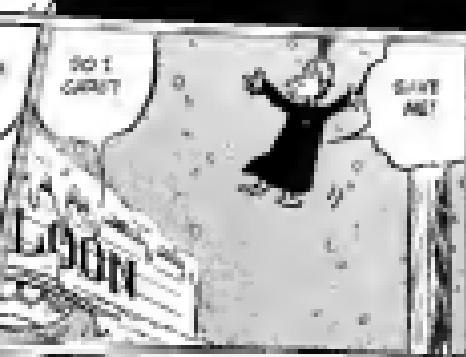
YOU GET HIT,
YOU HIT BACK
YOU GET SHOT,
YOU SHOOT BACK
SURVIVAL OF THE
FITTEST, THAT'S THE
LAW OF THE WEST.

WHAT???









It's the *place* of place where you kill
when you're about to be killed
and that's why men find happiness here.

Yes, this is *Gum Frontier*.

Where the other guy won't be satisfied
even if you try and say sorry.

A new world under the law
of the survival of the fittest.

Gum Frontier:

A wonderful place
where only the barrels of guns
are able to shoot men up.

Gum Frontier:

When the words play on a man's lips
he can't help but cry in delight.

Leiji Matsumoto's
Gun Frontier
Chapter 21
has been
brought to you by
the
Red Rabbits

translation: ak
cleaning: Fallen
type-setting: iskrona

www.theredrabbits.wordpress.com

